

Dirty Dreaming

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Dirty Dreaming

by [Nicolefrickle](#)

Summary

Endeavor decides to take Hawks up on an offer, only to find him asleep when he wants him the most.

Collaboration with [this amazing \(NSFW\) art](#) by Orenjimaru !!

Notes

CW: Not actually non-con but it's kind of written that way from Enji's POV.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Why don't you come over after you're done saving the world today, huh?

That coy little invitation was one Enji didn't ever plan on accepting. It implied an understanding between him and Hawks – god, it was even a touch *domestic* at the root of it, and he can't have that. He can't have that at all. Endeavor doesn't like the tone of Hawks' voice when he wants something, it's always so easy and nonchalant: *You know where I live, number one, so **do** something about it.*

Enji does.

He's almost amused to find the door to Hawks' apartment unlocked; that boy really is inviting trouble right in, isn't he? But Hawks isn't waiting around for Enji to make his appearance, he isn't pouncing on him the second he walks through the door. An attack like that is something he's come to count on. The hero can't ever get those legs and wings wrapped around Endeavor fast enough - always begging to be carried and manhandled from the very beginning because Hawks so *fucking* greedy.

So where's that desperation when Enji's finally counting on it?

He's fuming when he cracks the bedroom door and finally finds the hero, because he's dead *asleep*. Enji hopes the other's having some worthwhile dreams because he just lost out on his chance – on *any* possibility of hooking Enji again for a while. What they have isn't fragile but he'll be damned if he gets strung along. If Hawks asks him to come over, Enji expects him to be on his knees the second the doorknob turns, thanking the number one hero for being so generous as to fuck him right after work. Such a disappointment.

Except-

The boy really looks so *tempting* still, doesn't he? Sprawled out like that on the bed, wings blown wide, no shirt and only the bare skin of his back. Enji steps closer. He's suddenly thinking very awful thoughts; he can't help it with Hawks so vulnerable, unknowing, *corruptible*. The hero makes for a nice view and Enji can't help but want it nicer.

He leans over the side of the bed, brushing Hawks' golden locks of hair from his eyes that don't twitch or fly open. He really is asleep. This boy wanted nothing more than Endeavor to visit him and he isn't even awake to see it. What a shame. And what a *rare* opportunity to take whatever he wants.

His curls the blond hair behind the other's ear because he wants to see him; he wants to see the boy that's all *his*.

Hawks looks younger when he dreams if that's even possible. There aren't any grins for him to hide behind, just the resting, boyish charm of his face. Enji rubs a thumb along Hawks' dry lips and spreads them open. It's a test but he takes it further, drawing the other's mouth open by the chin and wondering the extent of what he could get away with. Would Hawks wake up if he grabbed his tongue and pulled it out to taste? If he stroked down it with his fingernail – if he *fucked his sleeping mouth*?

Enji feels a knot twisting and fraying in his abdomen now. Hawks knows how to make him hard even while he's unconscious; the boy has *talent*. Or maybe he's just a pretty little thing no matter what, and especially now that he can't talk back with that smart mouth of his. He's fallen asleep and fallen prey to whatever Endeavor desires.

And that thought *really* gets him going.

He's takes his finger away, wiping the spit on Hawks' cheek and starting at the nape of his neck to trail along his body. And Enji can afford to take his time and to use light touches, because the boy isn't riling him up. He's nothing more than a doll. A piece of meat, a toy-*god*, he's all *his* to play with, and Hawks has no idea how lucky he is.

When Enji's hands reach between the other's scapulas, the wings twitch involuntarily. He can't leave them unexplored, *look* at them, they're begging to be preened. Endeavor grabs a fistful of the fluffed, downy feathers gathered near the base. Oh, they're *soft*, he isn't used to something so delicate, his hands are made of callouses and ash and they're anything but deserving.

Enji is practically *stealing* from Hawks. He plucks a feather just to know that he can, and when there's no resistance he only wants so much more. Everything that's on display front of him. He's never wanted so much of Hawks but here he is, both unwilling and unable; it's a desire Enji didn't know he had.

Fuck, he *burns* with it.

Leaning forward, Enji decides to have a little taste because this skin is just too tempting. He drags his thick tongue right up the groove of the other's spine, dipping and curving along the entirety of his back. Enji ends at the soft flesh of Hawk's neck and teases a bite, a lick, a kiss. He's drinking the boy's innocence. He's getting carried away but he can't stop now, Hawks has so much left to *give him*.

And Enji is greedy too.

His cock is growing at the sight of this sleeping boy, this naked skin he could cum on and burn because no one is *stopping* him; he's losing himself. He can't say no to this and neither can Hawks. Endeavor rips off his shirt and pants and climbs onto the mattress to straddle the backs of the boy's legs. He's hovering over the other, being *so* careful because the last thing he wants is for Hawks to wake up and see him- see him about to *use* his body for all it's worth.

Enji fists one hand into the end of a wing because he likes how the feathers bend – how he not only has this warm body to touch, but angel's wings to pull on too. And if he pulls too hard they'll just grow back, won't they? It sounds like another challenge. His palm heats up and his fingers dig right through the sleek barbs.

Hawks shifts but Enji is done being careful. He has no care left to give, and his dick twitches as he gazes at the other's parted mouth and deep-rising breaths, thinking, *You ever been fucked right out of a dream, boy? Woken up with a cock buried inside you? I bet you'd love it. I bet that's what you were hoping I'd do.*

Endeavor's mouth twitches in anger at that, because the idea that Hawks *wanted* this to happen takes all this power away. He needs it back – he needs unrivaled release.

He snags the waist of the other's jeans to peel them down, and the sight underneath nearly catches him on *fire*. Hawks is wearing dark red underwear but Enji is very quickly losing his composure because *oh*, they're *panties* aren't they? Tight little fabric with black trim lace, and that isn't even the worst of it: the bold letters stamped right across his cheeks spell out the words, ***Daddy's Boy***.

This whole thing really was fucking *intentional*.

Under him the boy moves, eyelids fluttering and wings twitching at Enji's ruthless grip, but he can't wake up because Enji isn't *done* with him yet. The panties come off next because they're absolutely perverse, he hates looking at them and feels something stirring whenever he does. They curve against Hawks' skin like sin. Enji wants to tear the fabric to pieces and burn every letter off of them, who does he think he's calling *daddy*? Who *exactly* does he think Endeavor is to him?

Hawks is the worst person he's ever known, and Enji wants to fuck him into hellfire itself.

His quirk flickers from this craving alone. It lights flames on his neck and back and crackles while he pins a wing into the bed - lowers his weight on Hawks' thighs to then spread his cheeks *viciously*. There's not a compassionate bone in his body as he sucks the tip of his thumb wet and shoves it right in that tight little hole.

“Ah-“

It's a light cry, just a startle while sleeping, *god*, he isn't even waking up with a *finger in his ass*. This really is something else; Enji is on another planet while Hawks is in his world of wanton dreams. He pushes his digit inside to the knuckle and eats the sleep-ridden moan he hears. Slaps the boy's thighs together with the weight of his own, and slides his dick right between the crease it makes. It's not complete relief but It'll do for now - It'll do while he spits on his first two fingers and replaces his thumb in Hawks' insides.

“*Mmn*,” Hawks groans listlessly, and Endeavor is only furious at how easily his digits slide in, because it means Hawks had been right here *fingering himself open* for Enji. Making himself into a nice present. At this, Endeavor's blood sears. He's trapped into claiming this hero now, and doesn't know how he can loathe Hawks *this* much with his cock slotted between his thighs. With his fingers curling into this awful dreaming boy to tease out what'll stir him awake.

And finally, Hawks must feel something real. He wakes up dazed and disoriented and unable to turn around because Enji is pinning him with all his weight - smashing his wing deep into the mattress like a choke collar. Hawks' half-lidded eyes dart back at Enji, surprised and weak and *worthless*. It doesn't take the boy long to start writhing. He's already loving it, and of *course* he is. The number two hero put on his fucking panties and jumped into bed with every hope and dream of waking up to something like this. Hawks is offering Enji *everything*, but it's not like he was waiting for the other's permission.

“En- *Fuck*, ” he doesn’t wait to hear which name Hawks is trying to moan, he pushes his cock in, deep right from the start because what a fucking *depraved* thing for the boy to feel the second he opens his eyes. Filled without even knowing what led up to this point - without knowing a single, obsessive thing that Enji did to his body.

Hawks lets Enji take him. Submits like the willing fanboy he is with fire breathing down his wings, his neck, right into his ear with whispered shame, *You wanted me to use you, didn’t you? I’ll fuck you until you regret it.*

Endeavor is the sweetest nightmare this boy will ever have.

End Notes

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